ire to desire you, and every of you,
and suffer the Bearer hereof

ly to pass unto

HYMNS

ON VARIOUS

Divine Subjects:

Compoſed for, and adapted to the Uſe of worſhipping Aſſemblies:

By *JOSHUA HOYLE*. A. M.

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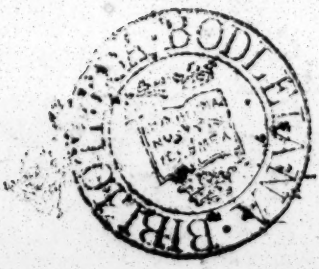
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THE

PREFACE.

I *Am in no pain for an Apology for ſending theſe plain Hymns nto the World; it is enough to ſay, hat they are calculated to aſſiſt the Devotion of ſerious Chriſtians, in part of worſhip the moſt akin to hat of* Heaven; *and I am ſorry to ay, that I am ſupported in the com- laint, by the general obſervation of hoſe that have animadverted upon , that this of all others is moſt un- appily performed; but this is owing n part to our negligence of the mu- ick, in part to the matter or words f our ſacred ſongs; but moſt of all o the want of that devout and reli- ious ſpirit, which is of principal ef- icacy to exalt and ſpiritualize this ublime and Heavenly part of our orſhip. I have nothing further to dd in relation to theſe compoſures, han that the Language is ſunk to*

the level of the moſt common capacities, the Phraſeology every where ſtript of Metaphor, and where it could be done, expreſſed in the words of Scripture, and of conſequence better accomodated to the uſe for which they are intended; and may but God ſucceed them to that, 'tis the utmoſt Ambition of their Author: They were compoſed generally on the Lord's Day Mornings, on Subjects whereon I preached; and where there are two on the ſame ſubject, the ſecond Hymn was compoſed at noon. My firſt deſign was only to elevate my own mind and ſerve the particular Church of CHRIST, to whom I have the honour to Miniſter in holy Things; and bleſs GOD, that as theſe generally recapitulate the ſummary Heads of my Sermons, I have found them acceptable, and I therefore hope uſeful to the Souls of my own people. May their Service to the Souls of others, by aſſiſting their Devotion be but enlarged by this publication, and I have my End.

Bridlington Yorkſhire. May, 11, 172

HYMNS

Compoſed on various

DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. Intitled *Sanctified Affections.* *Colloſſians* 3. 2.

HY, oh my ſoul, ſo glu'd [to earth
Why loath from it to [part?
Heav'n has more rich and laſting joys:
To court thy yielding heart.
No more, my ſoul, from earth recoil;
Prepare to drop thy clay:
Thy beſt enjoyments are above,
Here's nothing worth thy ſtay:
Thither are gone thy choiceſt friends,
And there's thy greateſt bliſs;
The brighteſt Viſion of thy God,
And there thy Jeſus is.
Tho' earth my body now confines,
Yet Heaven has my heart,

My Soul would thither take its flight
Impatient to depart.
I'd bid adieu to earth, and leave,
Sorrows and sins behind,
From this vain world I long to fly,
To blessings more refin'd.

HYMN II.

Another on the same subject.

1 LET earth, with all its fading joy
No more engage our fond deligh
Nor all its trivial empty toys.
Again delude our captiv'd sight.
2 Precarious things are all below.
Which just appear then fly away,
Like *Jonah's* flatt'ring gourd the
[grow
Born in one night, and die next da
3 Our deareſt friends and sweeteſt joy
But wreched dying comforts be,
Our minds each sensual pleasure cloy
Yet wean our Souls great God fro
[the
4 Are theſe the bubbles, oh my soul,
Would cheat thy never dying pa
Thy beſt affections would controul;
And steal into thy thoughtleſs hea

Are then ſuch empty huſks fit food,
For an immortal heaven born mind?
Can ſuch a groſs and dying good,
E're ſuit a nature ſo refin'd?
Earth and its joys, I'd now abjure,
Ye lying vanities be gone;
No more attempt my heart t'allure,
Reſolv'd on Heav'n, and God alone
Lord ſet my heart on things above,
Thither conduct my longing Soul;
From theſe deſires I'd never move,
Till I have reached the Heavenly
[Goal.

HYMN III.

The laſt Judgement from 2 *Cor.* 5. 10

EXpect, my Soul, that awful day,
When God ſhall rouſe thy ſleeping
[clay;
And ſummon to his judgement Seat,
The quick and dead both ſmall and great.

2 Behold he comes, and in the ſkies,
See the auguſt Tribunal riſe;
Then ſhall the Trump of God convene,
From the dark grave the Sons of men.

3 There we muſt all appearance make,
Before this Judge our trials take;
Our thoughts, our words, our actions all,
Under a ſtrict euquiry fall.

4 The Judges own all seeing Eyes,
Will pierce thro' every false disguise;
Most secret sins shall then appear,
And God his awful Justice clear.

5 What vengeance to your sin is due,
The Judge will execute on you;
Unless repentance make your peace
With God, and you accept his grace.

HYMN IV.

The comfort and guidance of a good Conscience. Rom. 14. 22.

1 LET uprightness my soul preserve,
That from God's ways I never swerve
May God and conscience be my guide,
That into sin I may not slide.

2 May I live up to what I know,
And please my God and conscience too!
May I to thee my heart approve,
In upright services of love!

3 May I no conscious guilt allow,
Nor self condemn'd in what I do,
'Ere from thy precepts go astray;
By erring conscience led away!

4 May I no prejudice imbibe,
Against my God or for my sin;
May not the world my conscience bribe,
Or into guilt 'ere draw me in!

5 Le

5 Let all my ways my God accord,
Both to my conſcience and thy Word;
That growing light and growing grace,
My God and ſelf may greatly pleaſe!
6 In my laſt moments may I know,
My God approveth what I do;
And in tranſporting joy depart,
With conſcious glory in my heart!
7 Tranſported with the Heavenly Joy,
I then ſhall even dare to die,
Sure that my Soul ſhall take her flight
Into the realms of love and light.

HYMN V.

On the ſame ſubject. Short meaſure.

1 MY conſcience diſapproves,
And hates each ſinful deed;
In every thing to pleaſe my God,
My heart has now decreed;
2 Not ſelf condemn'd in what
My conſcience does allow,
Thro' grace I am reſolv'd I will
Live up to what I know.
3 Enlighten my dark mind,
With eyes of Heavenly light,
That I with ſtricteſt care may ſhun,
What's odious in thy ſight.
4 Teach me my gracious God,
What now I do not ſee, For

For I'me thro' grace reſolv'd no more;
To do iniquity.

HYMN VI.

From Pſ. 55. 22. God's providential care over the whole world.

1 GReat univerſal Lord of all,
Thy pow'r and wiſdom I revere,
Nought can thy creatures 'ere befal,
But as thy ſelf its courſe doſt ſteer.
2 Obſequious nature own's its Lord,
And as thy will directs, it moves;
To thy deſign all things accord,
And come to paſs as thou approv'ſt.
3 On thee thou bidſt me caſt my care,
To thee truſt my concernments all,
My all to thee I now refer,
Which confidence I'll nee'r recal.
4 Thy goodneſs promiſes thy beſt,
Thy wisdom knows what will be ſo;
In thy diſpoſal pleas'd I reſt: [eſt do.
Whoſe power can what thou pleaſ-
5 Shew me my int'reſt in thy love,
My gracious God I aſk no more;
With what thy wisdom does approve,
I'm pleas'd ſince of thy love ſecure.
6 In all thou doſt thou mean'ſt me well,
Thy boundleſs power can make it ſo.

Thy

Thy wisdom, what I want can tell,
And better than my ſelf does know
7 Unto thy conduct I reſign,
My all I chearfully ſubmit,
Pleas'd with thy wiſe and good deſign,
My heart approves what God ſees
8 On the alwiſe, almighty Friend, [fit.
The weight of all our cares devolve
Content with what 'ere lot thou'lt ſend,
I to obey thy will reſolve.

HYMN VII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 UNerring wiſdom guides,
His goodneſs does direct,
Almighty God 'ore rules the world,
For th' good of his elect.
2 For them all nature moves,
For them *Jehovah* reigns.
For them all ruling providence,
It's government maintains.
3 Firſt make this God thy friend,
Then truſt my Soul his care,
Unto his guidance leave thy all.
Without diſtruſt or fear.
4 If grace has made thee his,
Thy in'treſt he'l ne'er quit,
Then yield thy all to his diſpoſe,
To do what he thinks fit.

5 He'l

5 He'l better for thee chuſe,
Than thy own wisdom cou'd;
His whole deſign of providence,
Is aiming at thy good.

HYMN VIII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 GReat univerſal natures Lord,
Whoſe throne's in Heaven pre-
Who with unerring wisdom rules [par'd
The world thy power has rear'd,
2 The world thou mad'ſt is ſtill thy care,
An eaſy taſk to thee,
Whoſe boundleſs power and wisdom
Its courſe to thy decree. [form,
3 As God directs all creatures tend,
By his great power controul'd,
And nothing comes to paſs but what,
By providence is rul'd.
4 My God, my faith ſubmiſſive yields,
Unto her father's care,
All the concernments in the world.
In which ſhe claims a ſhare.
5 Perſwaded that thy love means well,
In all thou to me doſt,
To thy great wisdom pow'r and love,
My all I freely truſt.
6 My Soul aſſur'd her all-wiſe friend
Her intr'ſt can't miſtake, With

With earneſt prayers does beg that God
Her care would undertake.

HYMN IX.

From Luke 12. 20, *The uncertainty of human life, and folly of preſuming upon futurity.*

1 REjoyce my ſoul, the miſer cries,
Thy ground redundant plenty yields,
Thy moſt capacious barns can't hold
The produce of thy fruitful fields.

2 Let looſe thy joy, relax thy cares,
Of mirth and pleaſure take thy fill,
Much goods laid up for many years,
Shall furniſh thy luxurious will.

3 Thus ſings the rich voluptuous fool,
Vain flatt'ries ſooth his carnal heart,
But God requires his ſoul this night
At whoſe command he muſt depart,

4 Torn from his darling earth he leaves
His univerſal treaſures to be ſhar'd
'Mongſt thankleſs and uncertain heirs
But for his exit unprepar'd.

5 His parting ſoul reluctant flies
And leaves his idol Gold behind
Whilſt Hell's dire flames unſeal his eyes,
To ſee the folly of his mind.

6 Too late he learns his ſad miſtake,
Too late his carnal folly mourns,
In dire reflections he conſumes,
In racking horror ever burns.
7 Where is thy idol earth, thou fool,
Was it for this thou damn'd thy ſoul;
Is this (ſays he) thy boaſted gains,
Inſtead of pleaſure endleſs pain?
8 Is this ſad place thy choice my ſoul
Into a dungeon art thou hurl'd,
And has thy carnal folly then
Sunk thee into ſo damn'd a world?

HYMN X.

On the ſame ſubject

WHY ſo tenacious of this world,
Why of thy ſtay ſecure?
Eternity aproaches faſt,
Faſt comes the parting hour.
2 Unlooſe thy graſping hands my ſoul,
Unfix thy doating heart,
From what thou can't much longer hold,
This night expect to part.
3 It may be ſo, but may I change,
Theſe empty fading toys,
For the bleſt realms of Heav'nly light,
And its ſeraphick joys.
4 When 'ere I cloſe my eyes on Earth,
May Heav'n appear in view,
Might

Might I be ſure of that bleſt world,
I'd bid a pleas'd Adieu!
Adieu vain world thy follies now
Shall no more tempt my Soul,
Practice thy falſe deſtructive charms,
Upon the carnal fool.

HYMN XI.

From Revel. 2. 5. The danger of miſimproving the Goſpel.

1 GReat God thy threatnings we re-
And tremble left thy word[vere
From us thou ſhould'ſt in wrath re-
[move
Whoſe guidance we've abhor'd.
2 Th' unerring rule of thy commands
The paths of life diſplay,
Yet in the road of ſin and Hell
We wilfully do ſtray.
3 A choſen darkneſs vails our eyes,
We plaineſt warnings ſlight,
Apparent dangers court and hate,
The hand that holds the light,
4 On ſin and Hell perverſly bent,
Thy friendly light we ſhun,
Our greateſt intr'ſt chuſe to fly.
And to deſtruction run.

5 Oh

5 Oh ſtupid ſouls, whom threatned [wrath
Nor promis'd grace can move,
Regardleſs of thy terrors Lord
Deaf to the charms of love.
6 Thy Chuch's candleſtick is fill'd,
With Stars of glorious light,
Yet tho' without us is all day,
Still all within is night.
7 For this ſhould'ſt thou eclipſe that [light
And cloſe our day of grace,
That awful judgment would be juſt,
But wretched be our caſe.
8 May *Epheſus* our caution be,
And warn us to repent
And we thy goſpel's ſad remove
With pious care prevent.

HYMN XII.

From Mark 13. 33. *Holy watchfulneſs.*

1 LET ev'ry pious ſoul expect,
A ſtate of trial here,
Nor be ſurpriz'd to find this World
A Theatre of war.
2 The cares and pleaſures of the World
Corruptions too within,
With *Satan's* cunning wiles combin
To draw us into ſin.

3 Theſe join their forces to deſtroy
The heedleſs Souls of men,
And ſenſual pleaſures but decoy
Into eternal pain.

4 Our everlaſting ruin lurks
Under this falſe diſguiſe,
In pleaſur's ambuſh death's conceal'd,
To ſeize by that Surprize.

5 Our num'rous enemies ſhould keep
Us ever on our guard,
That open force nor ſecret wiles
May find us unprepar'd.

6 What heedleſs! When ſuch danger waits,
When e'r we drop our care,
T' entangle our unguarded Souls
In ſin's and *Satan's* ſnare.

7 But keep thy Soul upon her guard,
The conflict ſoon ſhall end
And Heav'nly glories wait to crown
The conqueſt thou haſt gain'd.

8 Sins, dangers, ſnares, for ever there
Their moleſtation ceaſe,
No Devils tempt the bleſſed there,
There reigns eternal peace.

9 But fools that make a mock at ſin
And ſcoff the chriſtian's care,
When glory crown's his vict'ry, they
In Hell ſhall have their ſhare.

HYMN XIII.

From Rev. The end of time. Time shall be no more.

1 ATtend the Prince of angels ſound
The trumpet of the Lord of hoſts
The heavenly voice expects oh earth
Regard from thy remoteſt coaſts.

2 Thy ſtable fabrick muſt diſſolve (ſhore
And the laſt flames melt down thy
Whoſe burning Subſtance ſhall dry up
The ſea: Then time ſhall be no more

3 Nature 'tis thy Creator's voice,
Proclaims his horrible allarm
And the completion of his words,
Confirm'd by his reſiſtleſs arm.

4 What can prevent times threatned end,
The world can't null her makers law,
Nothing ſhall e'r that doom reverſe,
But time its deſtin'd period know.

5 Oh tragick Scene to worldy minds,
Who then ſhall ſee their earth expire
In clouds of ſmoak they loſe their hopes
Their lands conſume in quenchleſs (fire

6 Methinks I ſee them chafe and rage
And rack'd with moſt diſtracting (pain,
Heav'n their ſoul, their hopes all loſt,
And Hell is all their boaſted gain.

7 But

7 But happy day to heav'nly minds,
Times funeral they ſolemnize (bliſs,
With raviſh'd ſouls and view their
Compleated in her obſequies.
8 With rapture ſee their deareſt mate
Break from the priſon of the duſt,
Th' illuminations of that day
Adorn the riſing of the juſt.

HYMN XIV.

From Rom. 7. 19. Uprightneſs accepted and unavoidable imperfection pityed by God.

1 MY willing heart to God aſpires
And wing'd with love would (ſoar,
But mournfully my Soul complains
Her will's above her pow'r.
2 My upright Soul directs her aim,
A gracious God to pleaſe,
But treacherous ſin draws her aſide
And into guilt betrays.
3 But pleas'd with conſcious aims of good
Reluctant unto ſin
She can't but hope a gracious God
Approves the love within.
4 For her unwilling weakneſſes,
My heart muſt ſink indeed

Unleſs reviv'd by th' hope that God
Accepts the will for th' deed.
5 Fain would I better ſerve my God,
Fain would I love him more,
How long ſhall I my weakneſs grieve,
My baulkt deſigns deplore?
6 My weary ſoul for Heav'n does long,
Where ſhe ſhall no more grieve,
A God ſhe only means to love,
And perfect grace receive.

HYMN XV.

On The ſame ſubject.

1 FOR God I'd do the beſt I can,
But what's my beſt is very mean;
Thy pow'rful grace I now invoke,
That I may pleaſe and not provoke.
2 Blameleſs in love I mean to pleaſe,
And ſerve my God in ev'ry caſe;
But tho' my Spirit's willing, yet
My carnal heart bends with regret.
3 My beſt affections Lord I give,
And unto thee would only live;
But rebel ſin will ſtill oppoſe,
And from thee ſtill my Soul it draws.
4 But conſcious that my heart is right,
And well approved in thy ſight;
For thy acceptance I dare hope,
Whoſe glory is my only ſcope. 5 Thus

5 Thus pious DAVID did approve,
In good deſigns his upright love;
To build thy houſe his heart decreed,
And God accepts the will for th' deed.

6 Oh may my heart aim always well,
In ev'ry grace ſtrive to excel:
May I from conſcious guilt be free,
And God my perfect love may ſee.

7 Tho' of my aims I ſtill come ſhort,
But for my weakneſs ſelf abhor'd;
May what I would be God approve,
And ſmile upon my growing love.

HYMN XVI.

From Prov. II. 18. *Divine Grace compared to ſeed ſown into the earth.*

THE nat'ral produce of my heart,
Is nothing elſe but ſin I own,
If ever what is good's found there
It muſt in ſeeds of grace be ſown.

2 Let the good Spirit of my God
Plough up the curſed roots of ſin,
That principles of goodneſs may,
Into my heart be taken in.

3 There may they take the deepeſt root,
There may they by degrees increaſe
And into pious actions ſprout,
Till ripen'd into perfect grace.

4 Still may my Soul more holy grow
And may there from this heavenly [ſeed,
Advancing fruits of grace ſtill grow
Till to perfection they proceed.

HYMN XVII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 NOT ſurer is the nat'ral ſeed
With a rich harveſt bleſt,
Than are the labours of the Saint
Crown'd with eternal reſt.

2 In the minuteſt ſeeds of grace
Once ſown into his heart
Do heav'nly joys incloſed lye
For grace is Heav'n in part.

3 As the full joy of harveſt is
In ſeed epitomiz'd,
So in each gracious habit are
The joys of Heav'n compriz'd.

4 The ſoul that's ſanctify'd by grace
Is ſure of glory too:
Juſt as the corn at harveſt ripe
From naked Seed does grow.

5 Has God upon thy ſinful Soul
His ſaving grace conferr'd?
He'll nurſe the growing plant till ripe
And his own work reward.

HYMN

HYMN XVIII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 IN ſeeds of grace are ſown
Rich harveſts for the juſt,
Which promis'd them ſo bleſt an hope
As ſhall repay their truſt.

2 Their gracious Saviour
His growing care will tend,
Till at perfection it arrive
And in his glory end.

3 From every noxious ſin
From every hurtful ſhare
He will preſerve his darling Saints
Till in his Heav'n thy ſhare.

4 In doing well, let us
Not faint nor weary grow,
Who ſhall in endleſs glory reap
As ſure as e'r we ſow.

HYMN XIX.

An heavenly mind and holyneſs neceſſary to qualify us for the employment and fit us to reliſh the happineſs of Heaven.

1 IF I'm with Sabbath work fatigued
If of its length complain,
How ſhould the endleſs work of (Heav'n
But give me endleſs pain?

2 How would the wretch that hateth
To ſerve him diſinclin'd (God
Be tortur'd in the heav'nly ſtate
If to this work confin'd?
3 What pleaſure could there be in Heav'n
Without an heavenly heart?
To one averſe to good, it would
Uneaſineſs impart.
4 There's naught in Heav'n that can a-
Unto a ſinful Soul, (gree
The work and company would but
His liberty controul.
5 Souls that are turn'd with love to God
Are raviſh'd in his praiſe,
To them no arduous work 'tis thus
T'employ eternal days.

HYMN XX

On the ſame ſubject.

1 INſpire me with an heav'nly mind
To love and ſerve thee, Lord, in-
(clin'd
Without which Heav'n it ſelf would be
A moſt uneaſy place to me.
2 If of ſhort Sabbaths here below,
Our carnal hearts do weary grow:
How would heav'n's endleſs Sabbath pall
And tire an unrenewed Soul?

3 Till

3 Till we can in our God delight,
Till ſerving him's our chiefeſt joy,
His glory would offend our ſight;
The work of Heav'n our Souls annoy.

4 Till 'tis our Heav'n on earth to love
Enjoy and pleaſe, and ſerve our (Lord,
We are not fit for Heav'n above,
Where he's with endleſs love ador'd.

5 Where endleſs tranſports fire the heart
And endleſs worſhip ſaints employs,
What but diſtaſt could Heav'n im- (part,
How would it ſpoil the ſinner's joys?
What pleaſure could he take in work,
To which his heart was e'r averſe,
That very temper of his Soul
Would all the joys of heaven reverſe.

To ſuch an unrenewed mind,
'Twould be the quinteſſence of hell
To be to ſuch a place confin'd,
Where he could nought agreeing feel.

When ſhall I do thy will on earth
More like what 'tis perform'd above?
May heav'nly work beſt pleaſe me now
My heart like theirs be tun'd with (love

HYMN XXI.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 ALL that we here can learn
Of heav'nly work and bliſs
In what the Saints employ themſelve
And what enjoy is this,
2 Smiles from their father's face
Dart their unclouded rays,
Raviſh their Souls and tune thei
For his eternal praiſe. (tongue
3 Beyond what they enjoy
Of God's tranſporting love
They don't extend a wiſh for more
Aſſur'd it ſha'n't remove.
4 There's none in heav'n above
There's none on earth below
Like to their God in their eſteem,
All elſe is empty ſhow.
5 In grateful praiſe their tongues
Their hearts in love to God
In worſhip their eternal life's
Tranſportingly employ'd.

HYMN XXII.

The triumph of a dying chriſtian Faith.

1 LET my laſt conſcious act of lif
When I my Soul reſign

Be an assurance of my faith
That God and Christ are mine.
3 That God's my friend, my Saviour (Christ
And heav'n my endless home,
That there my dear redeemer has
Prepar'd my Soul a room.
3 When death this body's eyes shall close
May faith extend my sight
And view Christ's smiles my welcome glance
Down from the realms of light.
4 May this bright vision dissipate
The glooms of death's dark vale,
Pilot my parting Soul to heav'n
Thro' envious troops of hell.
5 Cheer'd with the beams of this blest view,
Death's terrors I can brave,
My triumph sing in dying breath,
O'er sin and Hell and grave.

HYMN XXIII.

The joyful meeting of the just at the morning of the resurrection.

FAST comes the awful joyful day
When all the dead shall rise
With their own bodies cloath'd and meet
Great *Jesus* in the skies.

2 But

2 But who the joys and terrors can
Of that convention paint?
All in their proper forms appear
The ſinner and the Saint.

1 In the ſame face and ſhape they ſhall
Be to each other known,
What joy tranſports good parents ther
To meet a pious Son.

4 What acclamations to God's grace
Burſt from the pious child,
Both bleſs the God of grace who has
His covenant fulfill'd.

5 Methinks I ſee good parents lead
Their holy ofspring on.
And grateful for their Saviour's grac
Preſent them at his throne.

6 With what kind Salutations ſhall
Pious relations greet
Each other at this glorious day
And with what rapture meet.

7 Here! pious wife and huſband once
Partners in cares and ſighs,
Now ſhall with mutual rapturous lov
In bleſſings Sympathize.

8 What bliſs this heav'nly converſe mu
To chriſtian friends afford?
To tell the dangers they have paſt
The work of grace record.

9 How thro' like labours ſnares and fea
They reacht that bleſt abode,

Whi

While all their hearts and tongues con-
T'advance the grace of God. (ſpire

HYMN XXIV.

The doleful meeting of the wicked at the morning of the reſurrection.

THAT awful day aproaches faſt
To bring the dread ſurprize,
To blow the trump of God, and cauſe
Dead ſinner's to ariſe
With ſhame and rage they quit their (graves,
Like guilty pris'ners drawn
By goaler-devils, drag'd before
A dreadful Judges throne:
The court is ſet, the books produc'd,
The ſinner brought to th' bar,
The well known witneſſes are call'd
His once companions dear.
Theſe partners in their former guilt
Each other will accuſe,
Reciprocal reproaches ſhall
Each others ſhame produce.
Acceſſors to each others crimes
Shall dreadfully augment
Each others endleſs pain, and add
Weight to their puniſhment
But how can wicked children look
On their good parents face,

After

After whose counsels had they steer'd
They'd shun'd that fatal place?
7 Who now must to the Sentence past
On their own flesh consent
Bear witness how they pray'd advis'd
And warn'd them to repent.
8 But all in vain! Their fruitless tears
And pray'rs were but their jest,
How they their kindest counsels
Resenting they'll attest. (scorn

HYMN XXV.

The reward of piety. Heb. 6. 10

1 GOD's the best master I can serve
His work my best employ
His faithful Servants he'll reward
With everlasting joy.
2 But sin's the devil's wretched work
The devil's wages hell
And in his Service men sustain
Bondage unbearable.
3 In this vile bondage sinners do
With blind delusion drudge,
In this most wretched Servitude
The greatest pains don't grudge.
4 Shall christians then indulge to sl
Be in their work remiss,
Whose pains may promise the rew
Of everlasting bliss?

5 Si

Shall ſinners in the devil's work
Take pains to be undone,
And chriſtians for the joys of heav'n
Refuſe to labour on? (great
What though the chriſtian's pains are
What though his labours hard,
Yet what are theſe to th'endleſs joys
That ſhall his work reward?
Eternal bleſſings ſhall repay
A moments ſervice here,
The chriſtian's wages to his work
Do no proporion bear.

HYMN XXVI.

The difficulty and neceſſity of repentance. Jer. 31. 18.

ON ſin perverſly bent,
To hell the beaten road,
We ſteer a courſe adverſe to Heav'n
And fly from thee our God.
Lord ſtop our mad purſuit
And give the mighty turn,
Or elſe we to our ruin ſhall
Thy grace for ever ſpurn.
Thy grace muſt do the work
Which elſe can ne'r be done,
Muſt change the ſinful courſe in which
We to deſtruction run.

4 Our nat'ral love to ſin
Purge from our carnal heart,
Or from its tendency to ill
It never will depart.
5 Bring back our wandring Souls
That long have loſt their way
Which elſe from God and all that's (good
Eternally would ſtray.

HYMN XXVII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 AFter thy Image form'd at firſt,
Man to his God was dear,
But has thy Service now forſook
And quite renounc'd thy fear.
2 With enmity againſt thee born,
Apoſtate from his God
By nature prone to all that's ill
Averſe to all that's good.
3 For this we are of God abhorr'd
And to his wrath expos'd,
And nothing elſe can e'r expect
While unto ſin diſpos'd.
4 To turn us from the ways of ſin,
Thy pow'rful grace let's feel
And change this heart or elſe we muſt
Be turned into hell.
5 No pow'r ſhort of omnipotence
Can the great taſk fulfil

Extirpat

Extirpate ſin, and to God's law
Incline our ſtubborn will.
6 Tho' hell concludes a ſinful courſe,
Yet this we will not quit,
Till from the dang'rous path, thy
Turn our reluctant feet. [grace

HYMN XXVIII.

God's gracious diſpoſition to grant repentance to them that ſincerely ſet about it. Acts 11. 18.

1 ASſured by thy promiſe, Lord,
That 'tis thy merciful intent
Not to withold from thoſe that aſk
Grace, that can help them to repent.
2 We come, encourag'd by thy word
Our God's almighty grace to aſk
To yield the penitence requir'd
And thus perform the arduous taſk.
3 Nor are we more diſpos'd, our ſins
And wicked courſes to recant,
Than God t'aſſiſt our pow'r and will
At our requeſt his grace to grant.
4 So far the death of ſinners is
From God's intention or deſire,
That he in anſwer to their pray'rs
An heart repentant will inſpire.

5 That ſin may not our ruin prove
Thy grace invites us to repent,
Nay promiſes ſufficient aids,
That we that ruin may prevent.
6 Turn and convert us, mighty God
Whoſe wond'rous work alone it is
To turn us from our ſins, and help
Us rectify what's done amiſs.

HYMN XXX.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 REpent without thy help
And turn to thee we can't,
Unleſs according to thy word
Sufficient grace thou grant.
2 Lord hear the pray'rs thy truth
Into our heart inſpires, [rais'd,
Nor baulk the hopes thy word has
defeat not ſuch deſires.
3 Beyond thy promiſe Lord
We dare not urge a plea
But the repentance thou demand'ſt
Thou bidſt us aſk of thee.
5 Nor ſhall we aſk in vain,
Thou wilt repentance give,
Thy grace ſhall work the mighty
That we may turn and live [change

5 No hope of pardon, but
What from repentance flows,
That we mayn't of thy mercy fail,
Us to repent diſpoſe.

HYMN XXX.

The bleſſedneſs of a ſincere courſe of true religion. *Pſ.* 119. 1.

1 THY temples Lord are wisdom's [gates,
There can we pleas'd reſide,
Enquiring *Zion's* road and take
Thy precepts for our guide.

2 Theſe plainly ſhew the ways of ſin
To endleſs ruin tend;
Deſcribe the ſhining road of grace,
In which we heav'n aſcend.

3 By the direction of thy word
Our courſe we ſafely ſteer,
Our ways from ſin's defiling blots
Keep by thy guidance clear.

4 Th'unerring rule of thy commands
Direct the ſacred road,
In which our Souls muſt make their [way
Up to thy heav'n my God.

5 Let no hypocriſy defile
The way we chriſtian's own,

By man's applauſe, nor wordly views
Let not our Souls be drawn.

6 By conſcience, not by cuſtom led
Into the ways of God:
With virtues native beauties charm'd
Let's trace the glorious road.

HYMN XXXI.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 SINCE mankind all their ways and works
For their beſt good intend,
The chriſtian ſteers the wiſeſt courſe
Whoſe way to heav'n does bend.

2 Men learn the moſt laborious trades
Grudge not the greateſt pains,
T'accomodate a tranſcient life
With periſhable gains.

3 But to the honour of the ways
Of chriſtians be it ſaid
That theſe to endleſs bleſſedneſs
Infallibly do lead

4 A courſe with ſinning undefil'd,
In heav'nly bliſs ſhall end;
Then grudge no labours of the road,
Which does to glory tend.

5 By each degree we climb in grace,
We nearer heav'n do come,

Each ſtep we in our chriſtian courſe
Advance, is nearer home.

HYMN XXXII.

The Church's ſecurity, compos'd Nov. 5. 1728.

1 THrice happy they whoſe God's the Lord
His kingdom he o'r all extends,
Smiles at his church's feeble Foes
And from their rage his Saints de-fends.

2 Vain and abortive are their plots
Which men againſt his church deſign,
His eyes pierce thro' their fruitleſs ſcheimes
And all their projects countermine.

3 Their beſt concerted meaſures lie
Expos'd to his all-ſeeing eye,
His pow'r as eaſily defeats,
As does his ſight detect their cheats.

4 A Sword againſt his *Zion* drawn
In vain ſucceſs does e'r expect,
His pow'r and glory are concern'd
His choſen people to protect.

5 In vain the rage of men and hell
'Gainſt God their baffled projects try,

His frowns with eaſe their Force repel
And make their braveſt armies fly.
6 *Jehovah* reigns, *Zion* rejoyce,
Thy ſacred rights he'll ſafely guard
From all the ſtratagems and force
Thy foes againſt thee have prepar'd.
7 Upon themſelves their vain attempts
With a deſtructive force rebound,
And like an o'r charg'd ord'nance burſt
In killing ſplinters all around,
8 Thus are the wicked often ſnar'd
In nets they for the righteous laid,
Thus HAMAN on the gallows hung
Which for good MORDECAI he made
9 Thus baffled ſhall the plots men form
Againſt God's church and int'reſt prove
Tho' earth and hell combine againſt
The charge of his peculiar love.

HYMN XXXIII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 BLeſt are the ſacred flock,
Clos'd in the church's fold,
Not all the pow'rs of earth and hell
Can ſtorm ſo ſtrong an hold,
2 *Zion*'s foundation built
On an eternal rock,
Shall of its raging enemies
Unmov'd abide the ſhock.

3 Bleſt with *Jehovah's* love,
They ſinners rage deride
Th'allyance of almighty grace
Engaged on their ſide.
4 To this ſecure retreat
My Soul by faith apply,
And then the malice of thy foes
Thou boldly may defy.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Righteous at the Reſurrection equal to the holy Angels. Luke 20. 36.

1 BLeſt Saints, who at the riſing day
God for his Son's ſhall own,
Whom with unſpotted righteouſneſs
His grace ſhall richly crown.
2 Not holy angels ſhall themſelves
From ſin be more refin'd,
Than ſhall the ſpotleſs riſing juſt
To their aſſembly join'd.
3 Not happy angels in heav'n's joy's
Shall be more fully bleſt,
Than ſhall the perfect Sons of Men
Rais'd to their heav'nly reſt.
4 Impaſſive angels not more free
Are from corporeal pain,

Than are the bodies of the juſt
Rais'd from the duſt again.
5 Bleſſed and holy then are they
Who a ſure part do ſhare,
In reſurrection firſt from ſin,
For they are angels care.
6 If for their company in heav'n,
We can with reaſon hope,
To guard us from the ſnares of ſin
Will thoſe bleſt Seraphs ſtoop.

HYMN XXXV.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 THE mighty grace of God
Can worms to Seraphs raiſe,
Can ſinful Sons of men advance
Into th'angelick claſs.
2 The reſurrection ſhall
The juſt from ſin refine,
Then ſhall their perfect purity
Like that of angels ſhine.
3 Not warmer love to God
Does hearts of Seraphs fire
Than what breaths in the riſing juſt
And ſhall their Souls inſpire.
Than thoſe bleſt Sons of men
Not angels happier be,

Refin'd

Refin'd from ſin, replete with joys,
And from each Sorrow free.

HYMN XXXVI.

The victory of faith over the temptations of this world. 1 *John* 5. 4.

1 WHAT has this world to tempt [my Soul
Of profit or delight
But heav'n has infinitely more
In its bleſt realms of light?

2 Can this vain dying world have more
To tempt me from my God
Than heav'n, to the ways that lead
Up to his bleſt abode?

3 My carnal heart with ſhame confeſs
How worldly things entice,
How have their pleaſures charm'd thy [Soul
Their ſordid gains thy eyes?

4 What empty ſhadows doeſt thou chace
What dying things purſue?
What vain appearances thou court'ſt
My Soul with care review.

5 Pleaſures that periſh in the uſe
Poſſeſſions that expire,
As ſoon as gain'd, or elſe from which,
Thou may'ſt this night retire.

6 My

6 My faith look thro' this vain world's Vale
Pierce thro' yon azure sky
What endless pleasures, solid joys,
Beyond its curtain lie.

7 From that transporting sight my Soul
Look down with just disdain
On all that this vain world miscalls
Or honour, joy, or gain.

8 Such a believing sight will soon
The charms of earth o'r come
Disdain its joys, and to contempt
Its vain temptations doom.

9 No more shall earthly things prevail
No more attract our love,
No more our Souls from God withdraw
Or from the things above.

HYMN XXXVII.

On the same subject.

1 WHen sense is judge men do,
This present world prefer
Its instant gains to heav'nly joys
Which at such distance are.

2 Erroneous judging, this,
To prize b cause at hand
Earth's dying things, before the bliss
Which shall thro' ages stand.

3 Heav'ns certain tho' unseen,
And real tho' remote, Not

Not like earth's diſappointing joys
Which vaniſh ſwift as thought.
4 They're temp'ral things which lie
Within our Senſe's ken,
But heav'nly things eternal are
Tho' diſtant and unſeen.
5 Beyond the firmament
The chriſtians faith eſpies
A bleſſed world that charms his heart
Where pleaſure never dies.
6 From ſuch a rapt'rous ſight
He looks on worlds below
As deſpicable atoms, toys,
Not worth his care to know,
7 Baſe and diminutive
Does this vain world appear
When Faith does with heav'n's endleſs bliſs
It's dying joys compare.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Another on the ſame ſubject.

1 ARE thouſands with earth o'rcome
And by its joys decoy'd?
Into the paths of ſin, and then
In endleſs flames deſtroy'd?
2 Are thouſands vanquiſh'd by this
And I a victor prove? [wo ld
Adore my Soul the grace of God
Aſcribe it to his love.

3 I am by nature prone as they
To drink earth's pleasures in,
As fond of worldly things as they
And as inclin'd to sin.

4 What but distinguish'd grace my Soul
Has chose thee from this world,
Whilst thousands captiv'd in its snares
Are to destruction hurld?

5 Canst thou escape from worldly lusts,
And their infection shun,
When thousands catch the deadly taint
And to their ruin run?

6 Art thou against earth's pleasures
Dead to its vanities [proof,
Insensible to this world's charms
And stupid to its joys?

7 Ascribe it to God's powerful grace
That has thy taste refin'd,
Brought earthly things into disgust
And giv'n an heav'nly mind.

HYMN XXXIX.

Christ's promise that christians shall do greater things than he did in the days of his flesh. John 14. 12.

1 OFT has my heart been over come
By this worlds joys and cares,
Oft by its tempting things allur'd,
Discourag'd with its Fears. 2. Oft

2 Oft from my chriſtian work unhing'd
For heaven indiſpos'd
Dead to its bliſs whilſt with this
Deluding joys engroſſ'd. [world's

3 'Tis thro' my dear redeemer's grace
I can this world o'rcome,
Or elſe to grovel in its duſt
Had been my laſting doom.

4 That I to fleſh and earth inclin'd
That inclination croſs.
A greater wonder 'tis for me
Than for my Jeſus twas.

5 He had no ſinful appetites
To byaſs him to earth
No wants like mine to fear, no ſins
To give temptations birth.

6 Yet I thro' grace a victor am
As well as Chriſt my Lord,
For which my greater victory
His grace be e'r ador'd.

HYMN XL.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 THat I by nature prone to ſin,
Can yet from ſin abſtain,
That I a conqueſt o'r it's love,
Can thro' God's grace obtain.

2 A greater wonder certain 'tis,
Than that my ſpotleſs Lord

Should

Should have its ſtaining pleaſures (ſhunn'd
Its practices abhorr'd.
3 'Tis no ſuch wonder that our Lord (have
Who had no ſin to ſide,
With Satans tempting ſnares ſhould
All his attempts defy'd.
4 But that a ſinner prone to vice
Whom his own luſts entice,
Satan's temptations ſhould reſiſt
His deadly baits deſpiſe.
5 This, this is wond'rous grace indeed,
That ſinners victors prove,
And triumph o'r thoſe charms of earth,
They are inclin'd to love.

HYMN XLI.

The chriſtian's greater condemnation than that of the heathens, if he periſh under the goſpel. John 3. 19

1 WHAT condemnation men deſerve,
Who friendly guidance ſlight,
Spurn at the kind advice of Chriſt,
With eyes clos'd on his light.
2 Don't they deſerve to ſink to hell,
Who will not learn the way,
To 'ſcape its flames, and from heav'n (pat
Go wilfully aſtray?

3 Chri

3 Chriſt in his goſpel gives a light
That our great danger ſhews,
But we in choſen darkneſs wrapt
'Its guidance do refuſe.
4 Don't they damnation merit, who
Salvation will neglect?
Juſtly they periſh by Chriſt's wrath
Who do his grace reject.
5 See that this be not your wretched doom
Who by the goſpel's light,
View ſaving grace and heav'nly joys
Preſented to your ſight.

HYMN XLII

On the incarnation of Chriſt.

1 BLeſt eyes that thy Salvation read
Bleſt are my Feet, thy courts they (tread,
Bleſt ears that hear the joyful news,
Salvation! Both to greeks and jews.
2 Proclaim'd by num'rous angel-hoſts
In happy *Bethl'hem's* fruitful coaſt,
Whoſe daz'ling glory ſhone around
And did the ſhepherds quite confound.
3 But more to hear a voice ſo loud
Break from the glory of the cloud;
In charming accents ſweet and ſtrong
The rapt'rous meſſage glides along.

4 But

4 But oh the joyful news they bear
To the amazed Shepherd's ear;
From heav'n proclaming peace on earth
To men, at their redeemers birth!

5 The goſpel the ſame news does bear,
Tho' men, not angels, th'heralds are;
A way familiar and more kind,
As ſure, leſs ſhocking to the mind.

6 The goſpel does this peace proclaim
And both their tidings are the ſame;
Adore God's grace my grateful heart,
Let all thy pow'rs perform their part.

7 Immortal life is brought to light,
And viſits now thy raviſh'd ſight;
Thy *Jeſus* with his peaceful breath
Proclaims revers'd the doom of death.

8 Is then the goſpel errand peace
Revealing mercies great as theſe?
How can I equal thanks repay
But under endleſs debt muſt lay?

9 Rouſe all my pow'rs, conſpire to
The riches of thy Saviour's grace, (praiſe
Rebound angelick ſongs from earth,
Hymn'd at thy bleſſed Saviour's birth.

HYMN XLIII

The ſame. John 3. 17.

1 NOT to condemn the world God has
Into our nature ſent

His

His Son to ſuffer for our ſins,
And miſery prevent.
2 That ſinners might the love believe,
God to their Souls does bear,
His Son in human fleſh array'd
A victim muſt appear;
3 And ſhall we yet his love diſtruſt
And ſtill diſpute his grace,
Who charg'd his Son with ſinner's crimes
And put him in their place.
4 That God as our ſin-off'ring hath
Devoted Chriſt to death,
Is proof ſufficient that he han't
Appointed us to wrath.

HYMN XLIV.

The infinite demerit of one ſingle ſin.
Jam. 2. 10.

1 IT was one act of ſin, that turn'd
The angels into hell
For one rebellious fact, from heav'n
Millions of Seraphs fell.
2 One ſingle guilty deed turn'd man
From th'earthly Paradice
Under the puniſhment of which
His wretched race ſtill lies.
3 All preſent miſeries we feel
All future that we dread

From ADAM's one offence derive,
Who was our cov'nant head.

4 Such boundleſs ill and miſchief does
Each ſingle guilt contain,
Unleſs thro' penitence, and faith
Forgiveneſs we obtain.

5 Our num'rous ſins of heart and life
Let us with grief review,
Leſt one conceal'd approved vice
Our Souls for e'r undo.

6 If we but to one ſin conſent
We guilty are of all,
To all inclin'd, when tempted ſhould
Into all others fall.

7 If then the virtueal guilt of all
We in one ſin contract,
Eternal ruin we may dread,
Tho' from one ſinful fact.

8 Yet whatſo'er one ſin deſerves,
An heart repentant may,
Aſſure himſelf his num'rous ſins
Shall all be done away.

HYMN XLV.

On new year's day. Jan. 1. 1728.

1 ADore my Soul thy gracious God,
Who ſince this maze of life (thou'ſt trod,
Guards

Guards from innumerable ſnares,
Thy life from death, thy eyes from tears.

2 Tho' thouſands of thy age are gone
Whoſe health appear'd firm as thy own,
Yet in the compaſs of laſt year
Their life and hopes both finiſh'd are.

3 Thy mercies and my ſin's ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount,
Why ſuch a wretch as I am ſpar'd,
Who've ſpurn'd thy grace thy vengeance dar'd.

4 Why am I not of life depriv'd
Who've ſo provoking, uſeleſs liv'd;
So many years have trifled o'r
Yet for my God have done no more.

5 So many year's are gone, nay loſt,
Can't be bought back by any coſt,
Redeem that time with double care
Which God may ſtill unto thee ſpare.

6 Had God ſtrict in his juſtice been,
Thy life he had cut ſhort in ſin,
And hell had then ingulpht thy Soul,
Doom'd on its endleſs flames to roll.

7 Bleſt be my God, whoſe grace does ſpare
A life ſo worthleſs of his care,
That life I now devote to thee
Which at thy Service e'r ſhall be.

HYMN XLVI.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 REvolving years of fleeting time
Their diſappointing circles run,
And ſad experience brings round
How vain is all below the Sun.

2 Sorrows and num'rous ſins compoſe
The Seaſons of our preſent life,
Evil and few the days of man
Diverſify'd with guilt and grief:

3 Our age in vain purſuits we waſte
A flying happineſs we chaſe,
We graſp at airy ſhadows which
Behind them leave no certain trace.

4 Our Souls in fruitleſs projects tire,
Expecting from the world that good
It never had, nor e'r can have
Altho' thro' endleſs years purſu'd.

5 Let then paſt years on earth miſpent
Suffice thy Folly to expoſe,
Who ſo long vanity haſt chas'd
Such ſhadows for thy portion choſe.

6 Bluſh oh my fooliſh heart to think
How much of precious time lies waſte,
Yet with what rapid ſpeed thy days
Do to eternity make haſte.

7 On this new year new purpoſes
Of precious time's improvement frame,

To

To ſave thy Soul, prepare for Heav'n
And glorify thy Saviour's name.

HYMN LXVII.

The difficulty of the work of man's ſalvation. 1 *Pet.* 4. 18.

1 THE work of man's Salvation does
Allmighty help require,
Lord to perform the taſk, our hearts
With pow'rful grace inſpire.

2 Let this effect the mighty change
And turn our Souls from ſin,
For nothing elſe the work can do
And make us pure within.

3 Sin's joy's, earth's ſnares and *Satan's* wiles
The chriſtian's dang'rous Foes,
The work of his Salvation do
With mighty Force oppoſe.

4 No pow'r ſhort of omnipotence
Theſe potent Foes can quell,
Humble our pride, ſuppreſs our luſts
And paſſion's Force repell.

5 How hard 'tis to deny our ſelves,
Forego our joy's and eaſe,
Impetuous deſires to croſs,
An holy God to pleaſe:

6 How hard our darling gains and ſins
At God's command to quit,

Hard our dear int'rests to lay down
Submissive at his feet.
7 This, this is work above our strength
And claims allmighty grace
To dedicate our all to God,
Tho' we our selves displease.

HYMN XLVIII.

The new covenant of grace. *Jer.* 32. 40.

1 BY the first covenant of works
ADAM with perfect grace endow'd
Prone to no sin, most eas'ly might
Have persever'd in all that's good.
2 By his own pow'r his innocence
He might unspotted have maintain'd,
Transmitting that to all his Seed,
But this with wilful guilt he stain'd.
3 Broke with his God, incurr'd his wrath,
Raz'd out his image, lost his love,
Entail'd his curse on all his Seed
As sad experience does prove.
4 But oh the wonders of that grace
Which does his covenant renew
With those he might for e'r reject
And in eternal flames undo.
6 Nor only so but better terms
Does to his rebel creatures grant

(Tha

(Than thoſe he gave to upright man)
In a new league he'll ne'r recant.
6 By which new covenant he ſtands
Oblig'd to do us conſtant good,
By grace to make, in love to treat
Us as his friends, and be our God.
7 And that we may'nt again incurr
His juſt diſpleaſure any more,
He in our hearts will plant his fear
And make our growing grace his care
8 Our love to him he'll e'r preſerve,
His love from us he'll ne'r remove,
This mutual cov'nant of his grace
An everlaſting league ſhall prove.
9 Oh happy Souls, whoſe God's the Lord,
Who to his Favour once reſtor'd,
Under his Frowns no more ſhall fall,
Ne'er will he e'r his grace recall.

HYMN XLIX.

God the God of his people and of their ſeed. Gen. 17. 7.

1 MY Soul admire the wond'rous grace,
That fully does repair,
The ruin brought on human race,
By the firſt ſinning pair.

3 Their guilt has ſhed infection down
On all their tainted blood,
Depriv'd themſelves and all their race
Of life, and grace, and God.

3 What ADAM loſt, JESUS retrieves,
God's antient league renews,
And of his father's grace reſtor'd
Proclaims the joyful news.

4 Now ſee my Soul his love return's
Now ſee his anger ceaſe,
To ſinful man and to his Seed
He offers terms of peace.

5 To be a God to him conſents,
Including too his Seed,
On whom th'entail of grace deſcends
For ſo he has decreed.

6 Now baptiſm does confirm the grant
Of this amazing grace,
Which heretofore was ſeal'd with blood
To ISRAEL's infant race.

HYMN L.

God the all-ſufficient good, in whom alone the deſires of his creatures can reſt compleatly ſatisfyed. Pſ. 116. 7.

1 TIr'd with the diſappointing chaſe
Of reſt from each created good,

No

No ſatisfaction can I trace
In all my vain deſires purſu'd,

2 Reſtleſs thro' earth I rove in queſt
Of peace and happineſs compleat,
Convinc'd that God's my final reſt,
To him I make my laſt retreat.

3 His truth, his wisdom pow'r and grace,
Large as my wants and wiſhes are,
But who the perfect bliſs can praiſe
Which in his Favour chriſtians ſhare?

4 Where creatures fail, his grace ſupplies
What we from them in vain expect,
Where they are puzzled to adviſe,
His boundleſs wisdom can direct.

5 When we on creature ſtrength in vain
Rely for a ſufficient aid,
On God's allmighty grace we lean
And with no dangers are diſmay'd.

6 Make then the all-ſufficient God
My Soul, thy complacential reſt,
He's thy all-ſatisfying good,
Thou'rt in his Favour fully bleſt.

7 As happy as thy wants require,
All that thou need'ſt in God is found,
Nor can thy very heart deſire
To be with richer bleſſings crown'd.

HYMN LI.

The ineſtimable worth of the Soul.
Math. 16. 26.

1 MOST men's ambition is to gain
A world that can't long hold,
Its joys inchant their hearts, their eyes
Are dazled with its gold.

2 But can earth's diſappointing toys,
Can all its mould'ring droſs
Compenſate for a Soul undone,
Or e'r make up its loſs?

3 Who can their ſtupid folly paint,
Who gain a moments joy,
At the expence of endleſs bliſs,
And their own Souls deſtroy?

4 Their precious Souls of boundleſs worth
Which ſhall for e'r outlive
The date of this vain world, and all
The joys it has to give.

5 Spirits of greater worth than all
It's riches countervail,
Or ever balance in account
When caſt into the ſcale.

6 Yet how do mortals under-rate
Ineſtimable Souls,
And barter endleſs bliſs away
For dying joys like Fools?

HYMN LII.

Holy boldneſs of acceſs to God thro' faith in Chriſt. Hebr. 10. 19, 22.

1 WITH licens'd boldneſs now ap-
(proach
Thy Father's throne of grace,
His promiſes inſpire the hopes
Of freedom of acceſs.

2 In confidence of this my Soul
Draw near unto thy God,
There's an accepted way to come
Pav'd with thy Saviour's blood.

3 Thro' him prefer all thy requeſts
Unto his father's ear,
Aſk what thou wilt, he'll not refuſe,
Nor e'r repulſe thy pray'r.

4 Thy ſin's provoke him to with hold
His ſupplicated grace
But JESUS has deſerv'd, he ſhould
commiſerate thy caſe.

5 His ſmalleſt mercy is too great
For ſinners to expect,
His injur'd juſtice might their pray'rs
And perſons too reject.

6 Had not his bleſſed Son eſpous'd
And undertook their cauſe,
Dy'd for their ſins, and in their ſtead
Obey'd his Father's laws.

7 But

7 But CHRIST deſerves that God ſhould (lend
A kind propitious ear,
To all the pleadings of thy faith
And anſwer to thy pray'r.
8 No mercy is too great for them
That on his CHRIST rely,
Nor will he to their humble faith
His heav'nly bliſs deny.

HYMN LIII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 I Come obedient to thy call,
Thy grace invites me near,
Bids me indulge to every hope
And baniſh ev'ry fear.
2 My ſelf leſs than the leaſt of all
Thy mercies I confeſs,
Expos'd to thy allmighty wrath
Unworthy of thy grace.
3 Yet ſtill with boldneſs I can hope
For all the grace I need,
Whilſt CHRIST's full purchaſe by his (blood
Believingly I plead.
4 My JESUS has deſerv'd the whole
I aſk, or God, can grant,
Tho' worthleſs of each grace, my faith
Can truſt I none ſhall want.
5 In full dependance upon this,
My Soul dare venture near,

Unto

Unto her Fathers throne of grace
Yet no repulſes fear.

HYMN LIV.

The chriſtian's aſſured victory over death, ſwallows up the painful ſenſe of it's terrors and dangers.
1 *Cor.* 15. 54.

1 BLEST Souls who victors prove o'r (ſin
Their deadly enemy,
They nothing have to fear from death
But may it's pow'r defy.

2 Death all it's dangers, all it's dread
doth from our guilt derive,
If this be pardon'd, chriſtians ſhall
From its reſtraint revive.

3 Lord, ſhew me my Salvation's ſure,
And that my ſin's forgiv'n,
Then can I hope that death ſhall
My paſſage into heav'n. (prove

4 Raviſh'd with this tranſporting joy,
The pow'rs of death I'll brave,
Inſenſible to all its pains
I'll triumph o'r the grave.

HYMN LV.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 THO death this body's beauteous (Frame
Shall daſh with ghaſtly pale,
Moulder its well compacted parts
To duſt in it's dark vale.

2 Tho' I to loathſome rottenneſs
This body muſt reſign,
Tho' worms corrode this mortal fleſh
My Soul ſhall not repine.

3 My faith with rapt'rous joy foreſees
The diſtant glorious day,
When God from its confinement ſhall
Releaſe my captiv'd clay.

4 With infinite advantage gain'd
It ſhall from death ariſe,
With greater ſtrength and beauty (cloath'd
Aſcend beyond the ſkies.

5 All its corrupted dregs ſhall but
Thro' clods of earth be ſtrain'd,
And after this no more ſhall die,
Be with no anguiſh pain'd.

6 No more its ſordid appetites
Shall lead the Soul aſtray,
Its pious flights to heav'n, no more
Clog with its load of clay.

7 The bodies of the riſing juſt
From ſin and death refin'd,

Shall

Shall proper tenements commence
Unto the ſpotleſs mind.
8 Why then ſhould I from death recoil;
Why ſhrink to drop my fleſh,
Since God its beauty will reſtore
And cloath it all afreſh?

HYMN LVI.

The weakneſs and mortality of creature friends.

1 WHAT have the creatures, or to (pleaſe,
Or help us in our need?
But what they ſhould be unto us
Our gracious God decreed.
2 His all-ſufficient grace ſupplies
The aids we of them crave,
It was his wisdom that inſpir'd
The counſels that they gave.
3 The Service of all creature Friends
Does from his grace derive,
When they die from us, our beſt Friend,
Our God does ſtill ſurvive.
4 His all-ſufficient Fullneſs can
Indemnify our loſs,
Be all that creatures were, nay more,
Than they could be to us.
5 One God has more to make us bleſt
Than all the world beſide, May

May he ſtill live a Friend to us
When creature Friends have dy'd,
6 When earthly parents us forſake
And ceaſe their tender care,
May we in God's paternal love
Retain a laſting ſhare.
7 Our creature Friends have willing hearts
But pow'r and wisdom frail,
But God can help and guide where they
In ſtrength and knowledge fail.
8 Make then this God thy only truſt
On his ſole love rely,
That when Friends die his Favour may
Their abſent aid ſupply.

HYMN LVII

The interceſſion of CHRIST.

1 MY Jesus ever acts
My advocate above,
My cauſe inceſſantly he does
Before his Father move.
2 Look up my Faith to Christ
Behold him near thy God,
Hark! In what fervent ſtrains of love
He's treating for thy good.
3 Thy int'reſt's at his heart
As cloſe as to thy own,
This he with equal zeal promotes
Before his Father's throne.

4 Not dearer to the Lord
Is his beloved Son,
Than thoſe who do by Faith depend
On what his CHRIST has done.
5 Go then believing Soul
And lodge thy licens'd claim,
Unto the purchas'd grace, and make
This challenge in his name.
6 Thee unto God can't Saints
Nor angels intoduce,
All other advocates he will,
But JESUS CHRIST refuſe.

HYMN LVIII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 MY Soul with an aſſured Faith
Draw near unto thy God,
Since CHRIST in thy behalf does plead
The merit of his blood.
2 Blood that has pacified thy God
And purg'd thy Sin away,
Blood, that has merited each grace
For which his people pray:
3 Retain him for your advocate,
Give him your cauſe to plead,
Not you your ſelves with greater zeal,
With God can intercede.
4 Thro' him our Souls may venture near
Unto the throne of grace,

Assur'd of hearty welcome there
And freedom of access.
5 His Sympathetick pity feels
The burdens that we bear,
Since he in all our griefs and pains
Had once a Fellow-share.
6 We are not more unto our selves
Than CHRIST to us a Friend,
With what composure then may we
To him our cause commend?
9 That love that vow'd his life should
For sin a victim bleed, (once
With God will much more for our Souls
With greater Fervour plead.
8 In this kind intercessor blest
We no repulses fear,
Tho' we are worthless, yet our God
His Son does always hear.

HYMN LIX.

God the sovereign Lord of nature disposeth the seasons as he pleases. Job, 38. 25, 38.

1 NOT all the idol vanities
The Gentiles do adore,
Can the least drop of wanted rain
Fetch from the heav'nly store.
2 'Tis God's prerogative to be,
The Father of the rain,

'Tis he diſtills in gentle ſhow'rs,
It's fatneſs on the plain.
3 The clouds their moiſture yield,
In gentle fertile drops;
Which if he pleaſes to withhold
He blaſts the lab'rer's hopes.
4 Our God in ſmalleſt dewy miſts
Can Fructify the ground,
Or ſpout down rivers from the clouds
To deluge all around.
5 If he the heav'nly bottles cloſe,
The wither'd earth muſt droop,
The tender herb can't ſpring, nor corn
Ere flouriſh to a crop.
6 The harden'd duſt to iron grows
Unleſs it rain receive,
Th'impriſon'd Seed can't ſprout, be-
The clods together cleave. (cauſe
7 The Lord diſtributes as he will,
Or plenty or a dearth,
And at his ſovereign pleaſure can
Or bleſs or blaſt the earth.

HYMN LX.

Death dreadful or delightful

1 DEath that delightful dreadful thing
Or frowns, or ſmiles, as we,
Prepar'd or unprepared are,
Guilty or pardon'd be.

2 The holy Soul for heav'n prepar'd,
Can joyful welcome bid
To death, aſſur'd his better life,
With God in CHRIST is hid.
3 For when CHRIST who's the chriſtian's (life
In glory ſhall appear,
The chriſtian too ſhall then revive
And in his glory ſhare.
4 Lord make my joyous proſpect bright
Into this bleſſed ſtate,
Then can I bid a pleas'd adieu
To earth without regret.
5 But oh the horrors of the wretch
That leaves the world in ſin,
When forc'd into the jaws of death
The pains of hell begin!

HYMN LXI.

The joyful end of a good Man.

1 IN vain do pitying Friends o'r-look
Our dying agonies,
In helpleſs ecchoes they reſound
Our deep expiring ſighs.
2 But what our thoughts or burdens are
What mortal thought can gueſs,
When ſtruggling with expiring pangs
Our pains our ſpeech ſuppreſs.
3 What miſerable comforters,
And creature helps how vain?

No

Not all their aids, or arts can ſooth
A mortal's dying pain.
4 Then from our heav'nly Father's face
One ſmiling glance of love,
More raviſhing than all our Friends
And creature helps will prove.
5 Then nothing but the bleſſed hope
Of God's recover'd grace,
Of pardon'd guilt and God appeas'd,
Can yield us ſolid peace.
6 But if our dying hour be bleſt
With this tranſporting view,
We ſhall in chearful raptures quit
And bid this earth adieu.

HYMN LXII

The laſt day.

1 HARK! The Arch-Angel's trumpet (blows
The Summons to the judgment Seat,
The dead now rouſed with his voyce
Spring from their long and dark re- (treat.
2 Now ſee the lab'ring earth does teem,
Pregnant with millions in her womb,
See with what heaving throws ſhe (ſtrains
To reſcue myriads from their tomb.

3 The Saints like glorious Suns arise
Shedding a dazling glory round,
Rival the luſtre of the ſkies,
As they ſpring from the parting (ground.

4 But who the glories can conceive
Which from the ſmiles of JESUS glance,
Which a ſurpaſſing beauty add,
And brighten as they near advance?

5 Raviſh'd with this tranſporting ſight,
Methinks I hear the victors ſay,
See ther's my CHRIST inſhrind in light
Who oft foretold this glorious day.

6 'Tis he that lov'd and dy'd for me,
See his pierc'd Hands and Feet and (Side,
I ſee my Soul has not in vain
Upon his promiſes rely'd.

7 How will he own me for his Son,
Diſperſe my Fears compleat my joys,
Perfect my grace, my hopes will crown
With endleſs glory charm my eyes.

HYMN LXIII.

The uncertainty of time, and certain diſappointment in all things below the ſun. Prov. 27. 1.

1 THE preſent now is only ours,
To morrow may not come,

Why

Why ſhould precarious mortals then
Of future time preſume?

2 Thy gracious Seaſon do not ſlip,
Nor waſte th'appointed day,
Compleat thy work, make ſure of (heav'n
And labour whilſt thou may.

3 If once the day of grace is laps'd,
Before thy work be done,
No wiſhes can recall it, 'tis
Irrevocably gone.

4 This life's the only time, in which
Thou heaven canſt ſecure,
Salvation with thy life departs,
If not aſſur'd before.

5 Let not th'uncertain hopes of time
Expected thee deceive,
That for thy Soul undone thou may'ſt
With fruitleſs anguiſh grieve.

HYMN LXIV.

On the ſame ſubject.

THE flatt'ring proſpect of to day,
To morrow may expire,
What we expect to crown our hopes
May croſs our vain deſire.

2 Our preſent health and ſtrength to day,
To morrow may be fled,

We are indeed alive to day
To morrow may be dead.
3 Our growing proſpect of delight
That flouriſhes to day,
To morrow may be wither'd quite
And blaſted with decay.
4 Who then on future joys that ne'r
May come, would ſet his heart,
What this day ſeems in near approach
To morrow may depart.
5 Let us not then anticipate
By hopes to morrow's joys,
Nor yet to morrow's griefs by Fear,
Which this day's peace deſtroys.
6 For both expected joys and griefs
Vaniſh and diſappear,
And in experience are diſpers'd
Both what we hope and fear.
7 For all expected things are but
In diſtant proſpect great,
Our ſhocking Fears, and flatt'ring
Fruition will defeat. (hopes

HYMN LXV.

On the death of infants.

WHAT does the ſavage monſter (death
Upon our infants prey,
Does God but ſhew them to the world
Then ſnatches them away? 2 Peace

2 Peace all my angry paſſions then
Since it is God, be ſtill,
'Twas he that gave, that takes away,
And may do what he will.

3 Nor is't without a kind deſign
That God his creature proves,
And nips their bloſſoms in the bud,
Their new born hopes removes.

4 He does in kindneſs reſcue them
From evils that would come,
Their future ſins, and griefs prevents
By ſuch an early doom.

5 'Tis better that you ſhould in hope
Attend them to the grave,
Than ſee them to deſtruction run
And wickedly behave.

6 Better they ſhould leave you, than
Should be by parents left, (they
To all the ills of life expos'd
Of every Friend bereft.

7 Or elſe an all-wiſe God foreſees
They would your idols prove,
His rivals therefore kindly does
And parents ſnares remove.

8 Bleſs God 'tis not a dearer Friend
One child and not them all,
He leaves more mercies than he takes
And ſuch as are not ſmall.

HYMN LXVI.

The ſin and loſs of forſaking publick aſſemblies for God's worſhip. Heb. 12. 25.

1 THE bleſſed God one holy day
Has kindly ſet apart,
When to th'appointed means of grace
He'll ſaving pow'r impart.

2 'Tis there he does his grace diſpenſe
There manifeſt his love,
Communicates ſuch virtues as
Shall ſanctifying prove.

3 If we th'aſſembly of his houſe
And worſhip do forſake,
Our own Salvation we neglect
On God we turn our back.

4 When men apoſtates from his houſe
And Service do commence,
They fly the place where God his grace
Does ſtatedly diſpenſe.

5 Salvation's road they do deſert
And their own mercies ſhun,
Decline the methods of God's grace
And to deſtruction run.

6 Alas the ways of *Zion* mourn
Are deſolate and waſte,
Whilſt thouſands crowd the ways o
And to damnation haſte. (ſi

HYMN LXVII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 MOurn, oh my Soul, ſo very few
The ways of God frequent,
Whilſt thouſands throng the way to hell,
And are to ruin bent.

2 How many from the publick work
And houſe of God rereat,
And for moſt trifling cauſes do
Reſign their vacant Seat?

3 But ſee the day of ſickneſs, or
Of death approaches faſt,
Or judgment to demand account
Of our loſt time makes haſte.

4 How juſtly might a righteous God
Us priſoners detain,
At our own houſes, who from his
Do cauſeleſsly refrain?

5 Or he by death might vacant make
Our oft neglected room,
Empty us from the church's Seats
To fill the gaping tomb.

6 Then while the day of grace remains
Let's to his houſe repair,
There wait for his deſcending grace,
Attend his Spirit there.

HYMN LXVIII.

The approbation of God and of a good conſcience, a ſufficient ſupport under the unrighteous uſage and aſperſions of men. Gal. 6. 4, 5.

1 OH may I but my heart and life
Unto my God approve,
I could compound with all the world
For hatred or for love.

2 May I but ſquare my actions all
According to thy word,
May but my ev'ry practice to
Thy holy law accord.

3 May I by conſcience ſteer my courſe
And uprightly behave,
Th'unjuſt reproaches of the world
And malice I can brave,

4 I can treat with indifference
The Frowns or Smiles of man,
When to my God approv'd I ſtand
Who will my actions ſcan.

5 Let but my upright Services
Thy Favour Lord, obtain,
I can the world's unjuſt reproach
Treat with a juſt diſdain.

6 If God my conduct but approve
And ſmile upon my care,
I value not man's Judgment then
Nor do his malice fear.

HYMN LXIX.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 MAY I but be approv'd
In upright love to God,
May but my conſcience this atteſt
And God him ſelf applaud.

2 No greater joy I wiſh,
No greater bleſſings want,
Than that he ſhould my works accept
When he's my actions ſcann'd.

3 The comfort of this proof
More raviſhing appears,
Than all th'applauſes of the world,
Rung in my tickled ears.

4 I rather wiſh my God
Than the whole world my Friend,
If he but ſmile, tho' creatures frown,
I have attain'd my end.

5 Supported with this hope
My Soul is fully bleſt,
Aſſur'd of this, I then am of
My utmoſt wiſh poſſeſt.

HYMN LXX.

The happy exit of the departed infants of ſincere chriſtians.

1 THAT heaven is made up
(If CHRIST we will believe)

Of

Of chriſtian infants, whom the Lord
Has promis'd to receive.
2 This is a chearing hope,
That our departed Seed
Are ſent to people heav'n, and on
It's glories ever feed.
3 By each dead infant, heav'n
Is to the Saint more dear,
Since there's no doubt that he ſhall meet
His holy offspring there.
4 It is each chriſtian's aim
To educate his Seed,
A race of Servants for the Lord,
Had he their lives decreed.
5 But 'tis his greater joy
His God has rais'd them to,
A more exalted work, than what
They could have done below.
6 There he from mouths of babes
And Sucklings does ordain,
More perfect praiſes than on earth
The higheſt Saints attain.

HYMN LXXI.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 ARE many of my children gone?
'Tis well they are not left,
To all the ills of life expos'd,
Of ev'ry Friend bereft. 2 Had

2 Had I gone firſt, 'twould harder been
To have my life reſign'd,
Sollicitous what would become
Of thoſe I left behind.

3 To num'rous ſins and woes expos'd
And to pernicious ſnares;
Had not they firſt departed, more
Had been my dying cares.

4 But ſince my God before me ſends
Thoſe I ſhould dread to leave,
My life with greater eaſe I quit,
And drop into my grave.

5 Thus God does looſe theſe ſtrongeſt ties
That bound me faſt to life,
My death leſs difficult has made
And eas'd my dying grief.

HYMN LXXII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 ADORE my Soul! The vaſt extent
Of the new-cov'nant grace,
That reaches mercy to the Saints,
And down unto their race.

2 God promis'd to be ABR'HAM's God
Including too his Seed,
And that the bleſſing ſhould deſcend
To gentiles he decreed.

3 Happy their dying infants then
Who no offence have done, To

To forfeit their redeemer's grace,
To glory they are gone.
4 Of ſuch heav'n's kingdom does conſiſt
(If CHRIST we will believe)
Then do we not their bliſs regret,
While for their death we grieve?
5 They're to a better Father gone
And need no more our care;
Why ſhould their crown be then our (croſs
Their joy, our ſorrow here?
6 Well may our mourning for their death
This bleſſed hope reſtrain,
Since what we grieve to us as loſs
Is their eternal gain.

HYMN LXXIII.

Tears wept over a pious father's death.

1 NO more ſhall I on earth behold
That dear paternal Face,
Whoſe ſmiles encourag'd all my good
And made my duty pleaſe.
2 Whoſe friendly Frowns my Faults re- (prov'd
Diſcouraging the ſin,
That me expos'd t'allmighty wrath,
Which elſe my bane had been.
3 No more ſhall I thoſe eyes behold,
That wept out many a tear

Over

Over my Faults, and plainly ſpoke
For me his inward care.
5 That tongue no more ſhall charm my ear,
No more that friendly voice
Shall in pathetick ſtrains of love
Diſtil it's kind advice.
That tongue that did with holy zeal
For my Salvation pray,
Now without motion lies in duſt
An uſeleſs lump of clay.
6 But may my memory recall
His each advice and pray'r,
And with a greater force repeat
Theſe to my heart and ear.
7 May our good Father's virtues ſtill
In us their children live,
And in our imitation may
Their holy lives revive.
8 May we to our poſterity
Be each ſuch pious Friend,
And to our lateſt offspring may
Th'entail of grace deſcend.

HYMN LXXIV.

The bleſſed hope of another and better Life. 1 *Cor.* 15. 19.

1 THE chriſtian's preſent life is but
A certain Scene of woe,

Sins, diſappointments, ſorrows, ſnares,
His exerciſe below.

2 Here he muſt many joys forego,
Here conſtant pains muſt take;
Deny himſelf the things of Senſe,
And this world's gains forſake.

3 Was then this life his only hope,
And nothing elſe his view,
When he the chriſtian does commence
He bids delight adieu.

4 Could not the chriſtian ſtretch his (hope
Beyond this preſent ſtate,
He fixes on a woful choice,
And wretched is his Fate,

5 But when his Faith extends his view
To bleſſed worlds on high,
He can with pleaſure part with earth
And all its joys deny.

6 There endleſs bliſs compenſates for
A moment's Sorrow here,
And deathleſs glories ſhall reward
His preſent pains and care.

7 Oh bleſt exchange of earth for heav'n!
Who would not thus reſign
Earth's dying gains? at ſuch a change
What wiſe man would repine?

HYMN LXXV.

The end of the world. 2 *Pet.* 3: 11.

1 EXpect my Soul this awful day,
When Chriſt in flaming fire ſhall (come
A righteous vengeance to diſplay,
And Sinners to their ruin doom.

2 Now ſee all nature in a blaze
To make his awful glory bright;
But how will this the damn'd amaze
To ſee him dreadful, whom they ſlight.

3 Methinks I ſee the dreadful throng,
Sinners with ſhivering horrors pain'd,
By goaler-devils dragg'd along
To be at Chriſt's dread bar arraign'd.

4 Here the whole world ſhall be con-
Now the deciſive Sentence hear, (ven'd;
On which their life or death depend,
And joys or woes which endleſs are.

5 If then you do this awful day
And future reck'ning too expect,
In holy lives it's pow'r diſplay
Or elſe the judge ſhall you reject.

HYMN LXXVI.

The preſent life our only day of grace and ſalvation. *Eccl.* 9. 10.

THE preſent time is only yours,
This life your only ſpac-

To work your own Salvation out,
And to ſecure God's grace.
2 Then to improve your preſent now
Exert your utmoſt might,
Since 'tis uncertain but your God
Demands your Souls to night.
3 Then all your labours and your hopes
Shall with your life expire,
4 But ſee you nothing leave to do
When you from hence retire.
5 From death you can't return to end
The work you left undone,
That muſt remain unfiniſh'd ſtill
Whilſt endleſs ages run.
5 Nay endleſs ruin is involv'd
In this your ſad neglect,
Yet to retrieve your loſs you can't
Another time expect.

HYMN LXXVII.

On the ſame ſubject.

1 YOUR preſent day of grace redeem
And heav'n in time ſecure,
Since you no other Seaſons can
Expect when life's no more.
2 From th'other world there's no retu
To life and hope again,
If your Salvation's work's undone
So muſt it e'r remain.

3 Beſid

3 Beſides this moſt important work
And only Seaſon may,
(In which you can for heav'n prepare)
Be crowded to a day.
4 A dying error never can,
A ſinner rectify,
There is no work beyond the grave
His hope muſt with him die.
5 Eternity may on this day
Depend for ought we know,
And either bleſt or wretched be
As we it's time beſtow.
6 Then chriſtian for thy life and Soul
Work while it's call'd to day,
Since to indulge thy negligence
Approaching death wo'n't ſtay.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Chriſt knocking at the door of a ſinner's heart by his word and ſpirit.
Rev. 3. 20.

1 CHRIST at the door of ſinner's (hearts
With friendly ardour knocks,
But oft' alas his word and grace
But beats againſt the rocks.
2 For ſuch are ſinners hearts, thus hard
And backward to be won,

T'admit Salvation, turn out ſin,
Which thouſands has undone.
3 Amazing ſtupid Folly this
An en'my to retain,
And yet againſt a Saviour's grace
So obſtinate remain,
4 Oh fatal prejudice of ſin
That locks the ſinner's heart,
Againſt a Saviour, and with ſin
His ruin takes a part.
5 Yet thus do men damnation court,
And their Salvation ſlight,
When bent on ſin, a Saviour's grace
They ſpurn with all their might.
6 'Tis ſtrange that neither offer'd grace
Nor wrath denounc'd 'gainſt ſin,
Will men to ſhun their ruin move
And take a Saviour in.

HYMN LXXIX.

A believing Soul opening his heart to, and complying with CHRIST's offers and calls. Rev. 3. 20.

1 DEAR Saviour do'ſt thou court my (heart
To take Salvation in?
Open, I chearful, throw it's doors,
Firſt turning out my ſin.

2 My

2 My willing heart yields her beſt room
Her CHRIST to entertain,
Great King of Glory take thy place
And there forever reign.

3 Now comes the Son of God my gueſt,
This day Salvation's come
To make a viſit to my Soul,
Fly ſin and make him room.

4 My luſts that would deſtroy my Soul
I charge you to be gone,
Welcome my dear redeemer's grace
For I am thine alone.

5 My heart ſet free from prejudice
Her doors doth now unlock,
And off ſhall fly her ſinful bars
At thy next gracious knock.

6 No longer will I thee withſtand
Nor hold it in diſpute,
Whether I ſhould my Chriſt take in,
And turn corruptions out.

7 Be gone my ſins, my deadly Foes,
For my beſt Friend make room,
I yield to thy Salvation's terms,
Come JESUS, quickly come.

8 I am, my Saviour, now reſolv'd
To ſuffer, be, or do,
What e'r thou wilt, ſo ſaving grace
Is mine, I may but know.

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